SPECIAL EDITION.

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THE REV. NEWMAN HALL'S DIVORCE CASE.

REV. NEWMAN HALL. MRS. NEWMAN HALL. FRANK RICHARDSON.

PLATONIC LOVE IN THE SMOKING ROOM.

THE LADY AND HER PET GROOM.

Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty (to be admired) *Division.*

NEWMAN HALL v. Mrs. CHARLOTTE HALL, respondent, and Mr. FREDERICK WATERS RICHARDSON (name in full for fancy), co-respondent.

The opening of this case, resumed by the Rev. Newman Hall, after the lapse of five years, was in effect that his beloved wife as was (conjugally), not is (same reason), nor is to be, was no better than she ought to be, in proof of which the following evidence was adduced:

POOR NEWMAN, ALTHOUGH A PROTESTANT, HAS TO CONFESS.

Cross-examined by Mr. Willis, Q.C.—I was afraid to commence this case, thinking it would injure my chance of collecting money for my church.

Did you believe you had evidence of your wife's adultery?—I believed I was right in my conclusions, but unless I was certain of a legal victory I felt it would be dangerous for a person in my position running a risk bringing such an action.

You have since obtained all the money you required for your church?—Yes.

And after five years' silence you are now anxious to find your wife guilty before the public of adultery?—I should never have instituted the suit only for the fresh facts that came to my knowledge.

Do you desire to convict your wife of adultery?

Witness (after some hesitation).—Yes.

Is that your sole object in instituting these proceedings?

Witness (after the question had been several times repeated).—I cannot answer the question without an explanation.

Give us a plain reply.

Witness.—I cannot answer the question in that way. I wish to give my reasons.

The Judge.—Is that your reason for beginning the proceedings? Have you any other reason?

Witness.—I feel that, knowing what I do, I should give some reason as to the answer I should give.

Cross-examination resumed.—For nine years you and Mrs. Hall have not spoken?—No.

She never, during that time, communicated with you?—No.

And she was not under a single obligation to you beyond what you gave her in 1870.—No.

Have you brought this action for the purpose of being able to marry again?—Not for that purpose. The result may be that I may become again free, but that is not the object that I have particularly in view.

You are sixty-three years of age. Is your object in coming here to get an opportunity of marrying again?—If I knew I were to die immediately after the conclusion of the action, I would still persevere in it.

Have you no intention, then, of getting married again if this action succeeds?—I have.

Have you not a person in your eye?—I have.

Have you not communicated your feelings towards this person?—Yes.

Have not your friends known of this?—Very few.

Have they not given you some help in the prosecution of this case?—Yes.

Have you not attended the examination of witnesses yourself?—I have.

Sometimes without the presence of any solicitor?—Accidentally he might have been absent.

Do you recollect Mrs. Gordon being examined?—I do.

Were there not two persons present who were not going to be examined?—No.

One of whom was a woman from Chicago, in a room in which they could see the witnesses as they passed?—Yes.

Did you ask if they knew one of those ladies?—I said nothing.

Were they there when your mother-in-law and wife went in?—I knew they were coming and I wished them to be there.

Did you say, "Is there anybody there you have seen before?"—As far as I remember I did not.

Mrs. Trawmer left Mrs. Hall in June, 1870?—I think in May.

When did she first communicate with you?—In 1873.

Was she one of the witnesses in 1873?—She would have been a witness.

Mrs. Boyce, too, was a servant of Mrs. Hall's for six or seven years?—I believe so, though I have no knowledge.

Of course you knew in 1873 where Mrs. Hall was living?—Yes.

You knew Richardson's sister from 1870 lived with Mrs. Hall?—I did.

And also that your mother-in-law lived with Mrs. Hall since 1870?—On and off; she had a room there, but was not often in it.

I understood you did not object at all in October, 1867, to Richardson sitting up after you had gone to bed?—Not to sitting up, but under those circumstances.

You did not object to the sitting up with Richardson after the domestics had gone to bed, but only to the smoking?—To its being at the bottom of the house.

What difference would there be to the protection of this woman between their being left in the library on the ground floor after you and all the rest had gone to bed, and being down in the kitchen?—It had been a subject of remark amongst the servants.

But would not the same thing occur if they were left in the library?—It might.

Did not Mrs. Hall on that night of the final quarrel say, "Come down and smoke a cigar?"—Not in my presence.

Did you not say, "I forbid any smoking in my house. It is not consistent with my position as a minister of the Gospel?"—Certainly not.

Did she not make some remark in reply, and leave the room?—She did.

Did she not say it was your brother Arthur, who was a member of an anti-tobacco society, who had induced you to interdict smoking?—No.

Does your brother belong to such a society?—I do not know.

Did you tell Mrs. Hall that the story of that infamous letter about May Wyatt was a fabrication?—I do not know that it was then said.

Did she say, "Newman, until you recall those cruel words I will not speak to you again?"—No.

Do you tell the Jury that?—I would rather lose the case than deceive the Jury, or anyone else.

On that particular Sunday did you not remain out till midnight?—I do not know. I had been to my late service.

But late services are over before nine o'clock?—I seldom get home before eleven.

Did you go out the next morning early without seeing her?—Yes; I went to Richardson's.

Where did you go on Monday?—I went to my mother's at Edmonton, where she lives with my brother Arthur.

Did you return on Tuesday?—Yes.

Have you told the Jury all the conversation with Richardson?—It is all told in my letter.

Had you a Captain Cotton living in your house for about three years?—Yes.

Has he sat up with Mrs. Hall smoking?—Yes.

Downstairs?—Yes; with my consent.

You have gone abroad with Captain Cotton and spent a long time abroad with him?—Yes.

Have you not left Mrs. Hall and Captain Cotton together for two or three days?—I do not remember.

Did you know he was a relation of Richardson's?—Yes; I mention it in my letter.

Had you any friendship for Richardson?—Yes, a great friendship.

Did you mention to Richardson your regret that, owing to rumours about Mrs. Hall, Captain Cotton had left, and that you did not want similar rumours about him?—We did regret he left.

On what day did Mrs. Hall finally leave for Brighton?—On Monday, the 25th.

You came home from Edmonton on the 19th. Did you speak to her from that day to the 25th?—No; but we had long communications by letter.

When did you learn she had gone?—When I returned home from church duty, at nine o'clock.

On the 25th?—Yes.

In your letter of October 26 you said you sent her some cash. How did you send her some?—I think I gave the money to Mrs. Strangwards.

Did you ever keep a diary?—Very irregularly.

Have you any entry showing the day your wife went to Brighton?—I have not.

The Judge.—Does the lady say anywhere why she refused her husband conjugal rights?

Mr. Willis.—In a letter which I have read to the court she states that ill health was the cause.

Did you not write to Mrs. Hall a letter in October, 1869, informing her that in consequence of what had occurred you would be justified in having a separate establishment, and keeping a woman?—I remonstrated with her, and said in substance that as she refused to live with me she would have no right to complain if I went to live with somebody else; that the world would not complain, but that the Church and God would complain and that my own nature would complain.

Have you not said that to your wife more than once?—No.

Has she not asked you not to pollute her ears with such suggestions?

The Judge.—Do you not think we have had enough of this sort of thing, and that such expressions as pollution may be dispensed with?

Cross-examination continued.—Did you not after meet with Miss Wyatt on your way from Stafford?—Yes, on the platform. She used to be with her father, and my wife knew of it.

Cross-examined by Mr. Kemp for co-respondent.—Other gentlemen also sat up with my wife on occasions, but with my sanction. This young man came to my house with my sanction. I know a brother of his, Tom Richardson. I think my wife paid him (the latter) a visit once in Aylesbury.

By Sir H. James.—On my oath I never acted towards the young lady referred to except as a brother towards a sister or father to a daughter.

CHARLOTTE TRANMER CONTINUES.

Cross-examined by Mr. Willis.—I was equally distressed at the conduct pursued by Mr. Hall.

Mr. Hall has been very kind towards her?—He was.

You considered he was a person to whom a great wrong had been done, and that Mrs. Hall had done that wrong?—Yes.

There was no doubt on your mind as to Mrs. Hall and Mr. Richardson having conducted themselves criminally towards each other?—No.

Did Mrs. Hall go to Edinburgh in the spring of 1870?—Yes.

Did you write to her?—Yes.

Is this letter (produced) in your handwriting?—Yes.

Is that dated March 14?—Yes.

Listen to me, now, while I ask you a few questions. Did you express your feelings towards Mrs. Hall when you wrote "My darling mistress"?—I did; and I love Mrs. Hall still.

Mr. Willis (reading the letter)—"You know I love you better, I may say, than any one in the world." Did you write that?—Yes.

"If I have not defended you as I might, pardon me?"—Yes.

Is it true that you wrote to her—"I have not spoken against you, and I never will?"—Yes.

"And if you do not care for the world's reports you see, I do not, because I love you. I cannot bear even to think that you are not well thought of." Did you write that?—Yes. It is quite true.

OPEN CONFESSION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL. MRS. ELIZA THOMAS SPEAKS—

Have you ever seen Mrs. Hall go out in a riding habit and return in an ordinary walking dress?—Yes.

Have you ever heard Mrs. Hall address Mr. Richardson?—Yes; I have heard her call him, "Frank, dear."

During the time Mrs. Hall was at your house do you recollect her being absent for any time?—Yes, I think she went away for two nights. Mrs. Tranmer was with me. She was away one Sunday. I think this was in April.

Cross-examined by Mr. Bayford.—I think I have heard the name of Franklin.

Did you see her at your house in December last?—I cannot say, because there were several came.

Had you not a sister?—Yes.

Did he not tell you that he had seen your sister?—I think so. I remember the gentleman now.

Did he not tell you that he had some notes of an interview he had had with your sister?—I do not well remember. He might have done so.

Did he not ask you if you could confirm your sister's statement that she was quite sure Mrs. Hall never slept out during the whole time she was in your house?—I remember that now.

And did you not say the same thing?—I did, but I afterwards recollected that Mrs. Hall did sleep out on one occasion. I was so "non-plushed" (a laugh) at the time that I did not know rightly what I said.

Did not a Mr. Richards go to see you?—He did.

Did he not tell you that he would require your attendance as a witness on Mrs. Hall's behalf?—Yes, he did.

Did you not say to him that Mrs. Hall never slept out of your house during the whole time she lodged with you?—I may have said so, but it was a mistake.

Sir H. James.—Did not a Mr. Francis go to see you on the subject?

Witness.—Half-a-dozen persons came to me on the subject.

Did you not tell the gentleman how you had been mistaken?—Yes.

You have no personal interest in this case?—No.

You have told us all you remember truly?—Yes; so help my God.

MRS. NEWMAN HALL'S EXPLANATION.

Mr. Willis.—You are the respondent in this case, and you were married in 1846 to tne Rev. Newman Hall?—Yes.

You lived at Hull six or seven years, and came to London in 1854.—Yes.

We may take it that your home in London, from 1854 until October, 1869, was at 23, Finchley-road?—Yes.

After you had been married some time did you suffer in your mind?—Yes.

Was it of a nature such as led you to confine yourself to your room?—It was.

And sometimes you were in such a state that it was not desirable that you should be left?—I was afraid to be left.

Did that state of mind continue for a good many years?—Yes.

Does this letter from Mr. Hall to you, dated 1865, properly describe your condition?—"My dearest Lottie,—It is so very sad to know that you suffer so much, and as I know, so unnecessarily. Poor thing! you cannot help the brain. It is a disease of the saddest kind. The fancies and notions grow, and they are all irrestible, but there is nothing in them. It is all a delusion. God will not make you suffer hereafter because you are such a sufferer now. I have no uneasiness as to what you are afraid of in the future."—Does that convey your condition?—Yes, it does.

You were seen by one or two medical men?—Yes, and I was advised to take a great deal of exercise, especially horse exercise. Mr. Hall was there at the time, and he acquiesced in the proposal.

Did you begin to ride in 1855?—Yes; but in 1856 I began to ride regularly.

Sometimes you would ride alone, and sometimes with a riding-master?—Yes.

Mr. Hall would sometimes ride with you?—Yes.

In the year 1860 did you make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, the father and mother of the co-respondent?—Yes.

How came you to go to Tring?—We were invited by a friend to stay a few days in return for our hospitality.

Did you find the place you went to was an hotel at Tring?—Yes; but I did not know of that before.

How many persons went with you?—Mr. Hall, Mrs. Tranmer, and myself.

Who invited you?—Mrs. Ives, who has since died.

Was it there you came to know Mr. and Mrs. Richardson?—Yes.

Did you go hunting when you were at Tring?—Yes, for the first time. The first day we got there we went out for a gallop.

You often went out riding when you were there.—Yes.

Did you all go together?—Yes.

Was Mr. Thomas Richardson with you then?—Yes. He came with us to see how I should get on at the hunt on the next day.

During that time did you visit Mrs. Richardson?—Yes. I found Mrs. Richardson such a delightful person that I used to spend an evening with her, especially on a Sunday.

Were you at a hunting breakfast on one occasion there?—Yes.

(Complete evidence to follow.)

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9TH, 1879.

Is it possible that the sensational article writer of the D.T., the clever George Augustus Sala, is about to become a candidate for the suffrages of the electors of Lambeth, at the forthcoming Parliamentary election?

* *

No doubt the great Geo. would represent the Boro' much better than some of the cackling old women we have had lately, only I cannot conceive how G. A. S. can reconcile himself to mix up with what the D.T., in an article written a year after it started, called the inhabitants of South London a mixture of

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However, the secret's out now why the would-be representative of Lambeth wrote the article entitled "The Elephant and Castle to Brixton."

* *

What did John mean? Why did the Princess of Wales bend her head to conceal her merriment? or why did Albert Edward look blue at the sight of a baby? The Coming K— knows best. But this a real ocular circumstance. The Prince and Princess, on their return journey from Greenwich last Saturday week, were favoured with a demonstration of Flunkeyism; and while in the act of ducking their heads, like toy figures moved by clockwork, in reply to the salutations of their "subject races," they espied, in a van, a jolly Briton, flourishing in the air his first-born progeny, "This is the sort for you, Albert, my boy!" cried he, Albert Edward didn't seem to understand the joke, but the charming Princess did; and if she didn't smile sweetly upon John, she certainly ceased bowing, and viewed the pretty babe with great interest. Perhaps, as our present Queen has a John in the present, our future one has spotted Jack for the future. Yorkshire for ever!

* * *

But, all joking aside, we should like to see our amiable Princess looking more robust, for, as Albert Edward's cue for popularity is "doing the agreeable," he certainly will get on poorly enough unless his cause is graced by the refined presence of his beautiful Consort.

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George, Duke of Cambridge, agrees with flogging, but Jester would like to know if George ever paid a visit to Barclay and and Perkins's. If not, Jester would advise him to go, and like a certain foreign Marshal, get tickled with the idea.

* * *

The great Tory party, too, uphold flogging in the British army. This is passing strange, as donkeys generally have an antipathy to the lash.

* * *

Breach of Privilege. Mr. Speaker—Sir, Will you please inform Jester what constitutes a breach of privilege of your honourable house? The Right Honourable John Bright once said, select promiscuously any number of well-dressed men who pass Temple Bar, and they would contrast favourably in intelligence with the members of the House of Commons; and Charles Dickens when solicited to stand for a borough, refused upon the ground that his reputation would be disadvantageously affected by sitting in such an incoherent assembly.

* * *

The poor fool, Mr. Speaker, has often lolled in your honourable house with his cap over his eyes, or thrown on the back of his head, in true parliamentary fashion, and yet been as sober as any honourable member. Often has he been charmed with the free and easy manner which pervades your great assembly, and quite captivated with the enormous number of words he has heard employed to express nothing. And as for wise sayings, why, all the fools in Europe could never hope to emulate them. But now, Mr. Speaker, I rise to order, can you explain the rule which permits some honourable members to sit with their hats on, lounge back in their seats, stroll in and out for drinks, and then fall comfortably into the arms of Morpheus? Because they have privilege indeed! Then why the deuce don't they light up as well, as it is impossible to make the atmosphere of debate more cloudy? (Order, order). Order what you like, but you can't order every fool out of the house, else you would never count in. Smoke that, Mr. Speaker.

* * *

"Fools have at times their victories," so said Byron when writing of the success of one of our generals, who had previously shown general incapacity. The same may be observed of Lord Chelmsford's victory, about which the *D. T.* is so wildly raving. One thousand niggers blown to atoms with Gatling guns; the engagement over in half-an-hour, and the Zulu King and 20,000 soldiers having effected their escape, such is a matter of fact, this brilliant victory. Chelmsford has saved his bacon, and that is all; nothing can ever make him a general.

* * *

A learned judge and counsel being on indifferent terms, a client of the counsel's making his appearance with his jaw terribly swelled, his lordship remarked, "Mr. ——, this client of yours would make an excellent counsel, he is all "jaw," which set the court in a roar of laughter at the counsel, who promptly replied, "I think, my Lord, he would make a better judge for his "jaw" is all on one side.

* * *

I saw Mrs. Langtry the other morning in the Park, as usual the chief attraction. She is undoubtedly charming, but there are plenty of other faces of greater beauty than hers. Her success as a professional beauty is owing to the charm of her eyes, whose far away pathetic expression attracted H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, from which time she became the fashion.

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A correspondent of the *Times* (the Jester hopes that he is not, and will not be a co-respondent), tells us a very frightening tale about a snake, a swell and a "gal" at the Zoo', when they got amongst the monkeys.

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There was no particular occasion to go to the "Zoo'" to find monkeys, they are plentiful enough outside.

* * *

But still you might think it was rather "carrying coals to Newcastle" to take snakes there, especially twined round your arm.

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The *Times* correspondent says she ought not to have been admitted.

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What nonsense, admit her and the snake, and all, and the young man who wound it round her arm, and

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Keep 'em there.

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A correspondent sends me the following: "I dropped in at the Bedford Lodge (of Funny Sixpence notoriety), the other night, and judging from the manner in which a certain Buffalo journal lauds its praises, expected to find it the acmé of perfection, but was greatly disappointed. When I entered there was a discussion on, relative to the legality of a decision of the G.S.C., respecting certain proceedings of the Bedford Lodge. I bore the infliction of a "few words" from a K.O.M. on the subject, about twenty minutes, with the patience of a martyr, but when it came to three speaking at once, K.O.M. continuing his speech, another asking whether they had an officer called the S.P. attached to the lodge, and a third challenging the C.M. to come down stairs, seconding his invitation with a promise to black both of his (the C.M.'s) adjective eyes, I left, perfectly satisfied with my one night's experience of the manner in which the business of the "Funny Sixpence Lodge" is carried on; I should imagine the G.S.C., especially "the only Canopy maker," are immensely proud of such a lodge.—Yours faithfully, K.O.M., P.G.P."

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The Man in Motley cannot understand why men of intelligence should waste their time in the manner described.

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A writer on a contemporary which finds its living by raking amongst garbage is amusing in his endeavours to appear well read and learned in languages. Five times have I observed him quote the well-worn observation of the Italians, "*si non e vero,*" &c., and generally the context makes nonsense of it. Don't soar above your School Board Education, my good man.

When passing the Strand entrance of the Opera Comique the other day, my attention was attracted by a painting representing an operation on a human foot. At first I thought it was one of those mysterious advertisements, and that it was intended as an announcement of "The Bold Burglar," and that it illustrated the branding of the hero. But on a second look, I found it was a tradesman's board, inviting me to step up-stairs to have my corns cut; at which I turned round quickly, and muttered, "no, never."

* * *

When I want to make a name for myself I intend to have larks with the Committees of the House of Commons. I shall offer to get Kenealy's influence to depose Beaconsfield. I shall offer to bribe Parnell to marry the Speaker's nearest female relative, and I will guarantee to do away with the income tax if somebody will pay me Five Billion Sterling in ready cash, and when I have the money banked I will laugh at anyone who has me up for breach of privilege, and I wouldn't Grissel over the job.

* * *

The other evening, accompanied by Squib, Jester looked in again at the Surrey, to see "New Babylon," as they call it in the papers. I viewed it this time from behind the scenes. After seeing part of the above, we adjourned to the saloon, where an amusing incident took place. A golden-haired beauty danced into the saloon, to the evident astonishment of the lady behind the bar, and invited Mr. P. to whisky, then called two other gentlemen, and persuaded them to drink with her.

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She then, finding, I suppose, her purse still too heavy, or thinking to catch a flat, called in the attendants, and wanted each of them to have a bun, to which they responded rather *tardly*: "We go to Chelsea for our buns, where we get them buttered.

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It appeared from the conversation that ensued, that the great reason for her delight and prodigality, was that she had been on the stage in the Cremorne scene.

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The company in the saloon meanwhile had been taking stock of her, and found she was badly made up with, a wig of peculiar tint, such as is not usually worn by mortals. Her face, too, was smothered in powder and rouge, and her dress, although silk, had evidently been bought at some cheap wardrobe shop.

* * *

I suppose that the reason for the appearance of this fairy is, that one of the West-end Music Halls being closed, she, like a bird of passage, thought a change would do her good, so she paid a visit to the South of London. But is it fair to the other lady artistes of the establishment to allow such women to appear on the stage, if only for a short time.

* * *

Jester has had more of parsons this week than he is accustomed to have, and has come to the conclusion that it would be better if some of them would wash their dirty linen at home.

* * *

Although nothing could possibly justify either husband or wife being faithless to their marriage vows, still, if the clown were to receive a letter from the partner of his joys or sorrows, containing seven or eight pages of scriptural quotations, although it might not drive him to adultery, it very possibly would drive him out of his mind.

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As the fool has been informed that *London Life* is about to issue a Special Edition referring to this *cause celebre*, he will not go into any of the details disclosed in the evidence, but leave it to him to deal with in his usual exhaustive manner.

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But beware of little back kitchens, and whatever you do when you are going out for five or six hours, don't leave a noble captain in your wife's bedroom.

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It is indiscreet, to say the least of it.

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I went to Greenwich on Bank Holiday and enjoyed myself, the same as all the rest of English lads and lasses; there was the usual boisterous fun and merriment, such as kiss in the ring, rolling down the hills, showing the well-formed limbs of some of the fair damsels. After the leg show, being moderate in my desires, I adjourned with the rest of the motley gathering, to indulge in tea and shrimps in Teapot Row, at Mrs. W——'s; the tea was strong, and so were the jokes and repartees of the company, almost upsetting the equanimity of

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

There will be a Drama produced shortly at the Surrey, entitled, "A Story of the Thames," by Mr. Dodson. It will, I think, be a great success, as it is full of sensational incidents of London Life in the East, some of the scenes, representing Shadwell and The Pool are well painted by Mr. C. Brooke, the talented scenic artist.

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Apropos of Brooke. The reason that he has made such progress as a scenic artist is, that he is painstaking and careful, always taking his scenes from real life, and for subjects in the forthcoming drama he intends, accompanied by Squib, visiting some of the dens where the landsharks and crimps ease Jack of the produce of his earnings at sea. So look out all of you pirates who fleece the poor mariner.

* * *

I had the pleasure, while at Chester, of hearing Tute's Minstrels, at the Town Hall. Their entertainment is a very good one, and the director and proprietor, Mr. Tute, is a host in himself; his violin solos being really excellent.

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The Hollander of Kent had a big show at North Woolwich Gardens on Bank Holiday. All the lads from the Arsenal were there, and didn't the twins whirl their fair partners round in the waltz on the circular platform to the enlivening strains of Sid. Davis's band. The entertainment on the whole was very good. The great William certainly deserves to be patronised, for he works hard to give good amusement at a nominal price. Should the fine weather continue, no doubt the Gardens will be crowded nightly, and the Emperor's moustache will be more pointed in consequence.

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Clarence Holt, the one-sided candlestick chucker, (see posters), has been doing big things at the Surrey with New Babylon. I hope to see this drama run long enough to be called "Old" Babylon.

* * *

At the old house the substitution is not a very happy one, but Miss Ethel Castleton makes up for all deficiencies on the part of the the other members of the company.

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Pomona Gardens, Manchester, may not be like Rosherville, "a place to spend a happy day," but is certainly a resort to dally away a questionable night. The occult scene enacted a few weeks ago was certainly not edifying, or suggestive of a high tone of morality, and if Squib ever discovers the like again, the Lancashire lads and lasses will have to look out for squalls. We make no charge against the proprietors or employés of this delectable retreat, but for the future they will do well to turn out the frequenters before they turn out the lights, for darkness is favourable to depraved circumstances, and a day's amusement is certainly not terminated pleasantly by the perpretation of acts we will not pollute our pages by describing. Pleasure gardens will always be the rendezvous of gay women, but there are even degrees of vice, and although no efforts will ever stop the pursuit of their degrading calling, they certainly should be compelled to consummate their business in the privacy of the secret dens with which Manchester abounds, and not be allowed the chance of augmenting their profits by utilizing the hall and the turf for trade purposes.

* * *

Fie for shame, you dirty boys and girls! Take care of the coloured fire.

* * *

Squib is always happy to co-operate in any movement which has for its object the benefit of those who are in need or distress, especially when they happen to be brother Buffs, or in any way connected with the profession.

* * *

Primo Darnton, who has long been associated with W. Robinson, stage carpenter at the Surrey, having met with a serious accident, has been compelled to appeal to his friends for assistance, and Squib is happy to say that he did not appeal in vain. At his benefit at Astley's, both Harry Taylor and George Reeves gave their valuable assistance.

* * *

At the Temple Lodge, Essex Street, Strand, his brother Buffs cordially expressed their sympathy with him, and Bro. Sims, who wears on his breast that badge, which is so highly esteemed by us all, the "Victoria Cross," made some very appropriate remarks.

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Squib took good care that the Jester attended, and a very pleasant evening they both spent, and Darnton may rely on it, that should, the necessity again arise, *di meliores*, he will never have to appeal in vain to

SQUIB.

"PIMLICO HARPIES."

As the foul and disgusting legendary monsters mentioned by Virgil in the Æniead were supposed to live upon the most loathsome food and contaminate whatever they touched, so likewise do their modern prototypes exist and fatten upon the shame-money of their victims, whose moral character is of the worst description.

Few persons can fully realise what the keepers of "gay houses" in Pimlico really are, or would for one moment believe the amount of degradation and vileness which pervades their whole lives; and how it is they make such large sums of money, notwithstanding the numerous risks which they run of non payment and at times of indictments.

First of all let us see how it is, as a rule, they commence; secondly from what class of the community they spring; and thirdly, what is the usual career and termination of that which appears to be so thriving a business, namely letting apartments to "ladies who see a few gentlemen friends," for that it is what keepers of gay houses call their revolting livelihood.

The primary cause which occasions so many to open "gay houses" is the apparent success and ease with which money is to be made, but no matter how infamous the means are which must be adopted is a matter of supreme indifference, so long as a golden harvest is the result.

This state of callousness, and utter disregard for all that respectability holds dear, is but the natural result of having lived amongst those of abandoned habits, and watched with envy their temporary success.

By far the greater number of these "Pimlico Harpies" have themselves been "gay women," and when the time arrived that their charms were on the wane, they bethought them of setting up as lodging-house keepers in Pimlico, as the easiest method of making money.

A goodly number are discarded mistresses of men long since weary of them, but induced, by possibly more reasons than one, to "pension them off," or set them up in a house of their own, which, by the way, is a common ambition with most women.

Servants of notorious courtezans, being at times of a thrifty disposition, manage to save enough out of their perquisites to start a gay house themselves, in which aspiration they are usually assisted by their late mistresses, who find them convenient as houses of resort, in any intrigue which may require secresy, so they willingly help those who are afterwards likely to be so useful.

It may appear a most startling fact, but it is nevertheless true, that many of these fiendish old harpies exist upon the shame of their own daughters, and even the fast man himself would pause in his vicious pursuits could he but know how often the so-called champagne at fifteen shillings a bottle is brought up by his fair charmer's own mother, eager to assist in her daughter's shame for the sake of gain.

Whole families subsist upon the lust-money of a beautiful sister and daughter, and are so utterly lost to all sense of shame and decency that when remonstrated with they fail to comprehend their infamy.

There is now an abode in Pimlico where the mother keeps the house in which her own daughters live gay lives, and as the younger ones bud into girlhood so they in their turn are disposed of to the first wealthy satyr who may come to hand. Another case is one in which the house is kept by husband and wife, the wife having, previous to her marriage, been gay, the husband, a scoundrel of the most contemptible kind, who is quite willing and agreeable that his own wife should pursue her former calling, when times are bad and money is scarce. This wretch will live under the same roof, and does not complain as long as money is forthcoming to provide him with drink, and actually waits upon his wife and her paramour.

These are facts, but can any fiction be more startling or appalling than such a state of things which takes place in our great city.

The career of these harpies is generally for a long time one of success, for while it lasts they almost coin money, and how? By swindling and extortion in every possible form.

Well knowing that they can never recover legally one farthing rent, which may be owing, they charge extravagantly for every little thing their lodgers may require, two to three guineas a week, and even more, being quite usual for rooms, to be had in any respectable house for one third.

Boarding their victims for so much a week is another phase of their system af extortion, but it is from selling wines without a license that they obtain the greatest plunder.

Many of these old harpies will not take any girl, unless upon the understanding that she shall induce any friend who may call to have a bottle of wine. The so-called champagne is of course the vilest trash, about two shillings and eightpence a bottle, but by substituting the labels of some renowned vintage, they have always an answer when the quality of the wine is complained of, "You see by the label it is Cliquot or Heidseick," as the case may be. Nothing is more simple than to put on false labels, taken off old bottles, this is how it is done, not only with champagne, but brandy, &c.

The champagne which they charge fifteen shillings and often a pound a bottle for, really cost at the outside three shillings. No wonder then that money is made so rapidly at this infamous trade.

When two or three weeks' rent is owing, the old vampire's change from their usual cringing ways to that of insolence, and their bully their poor dupes as muc has possible, indeed to so great an extent at times that the life of wretchedness causes the lodger one day without any notice to leave her landlady to bemoan her unpaid rent.

The vilely earned money, so easily acquired, is more often than not spent by these harpies lavishly, and as they never prepare for a "rainy day," when it does come, which sooner or later is sure to be the case, they find themselves entirely without means. It is not at all uncommon for one harpy to keep three or four houses in other localities, convenient for her business. St. John's Wood and Fulham being usually selected, into which she induces any lodger to migrate who may be tired of the present locality.

How is it that so many of these houses continue in Pimlico, in which part of London they most abound, without being more frequently indicted? No sooner does the least suspicion of such a thing take place than prompt measures are taken to square the matter, and more such affairs are arranged than the public are aware of. It is only in very bad cases that our magistrates have to deal with these dens of infamy.

Many are the robberies which take place in these houses of which one never hears, for few persons so plundered would dare to face the ordeal of a public Police Court, where their shortcomings would become known.

These wretched vampires are strong in the weakness of their foes, and being fully aware of it, proceed

to the greatest lengths of villainy and immorality. Even in this world wrong doing meets with its punishment, although it seems oftimes long before Nemesis o'ertakes it, most frequently utter destitution or premature death from drink, is the closing scene of a career of vice in one of its worst and most loathsome forms, for what can be more revolting than the character and lives of these harpies, in which, alas, Chelsea, St. John's Wood, and especially Pimlico, abound.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

HIGHBURY BARN.

On the ancient site of Highbury Barn, or farm belonging to the Manor House, originally rose a small ale and cake house. Barn, it seems, amongst milk dealers was synonymous with farm or dairy, whence the term "barn measure" is applied to milk in contradistinction to that by which it is retailed to the public. At some little distance northward was another dairy farm, called Cream Hall, to these places the Londoners flocked to drink milk warm from the cow and to eat cakes dipped in cream custards, syllabubs, &c.

All about Islington were localities celebrated for these rural dainties. From an ale and cake house Highbury Barn grew into a tavern with tea gardens. As the trade increased, Nelson in his book says, that the extensive barn belonging to the farm was added to the premises, and being fitted up handsomely, became the principal room of the tavern. There the court baron of the manor was held.

A Mr. Willoughby, who died in 1785, made a wonderful increase in the trade of the place. His son added a bowling green, trap-bat grounds, and extended the tea gardens. He added a hop plantation and brewery, and prepared public dinners for corporate bodies, public charities, clubs, and other societies, so that it had a greater number of visitors than any similar place in London or its environs, it could accommodate from fifteen hundred to two thousand persons at once; eight hundred people were known to sit down to a hot dinner together, on which occasion seventy geese were seen roasting at one fire. Later on, the brewery was removed to premises nearly opposite the chapel of ease at Holloway, which for years after was conducted by Mr. Willoughby.

The ancient Freemasons, in 1808, sat down, five hundred in number to dinner there. One of the most singular societies which used to dine annually at this tavern for many years was one of Protestant Dissenters, who took the name of the "Highbury Society."

On the day when the bill called the "Schism Bill" was to have been passed, which aimed at the priviliges of all religious denominations not in conformity with the established church, Queen Anne died, and there was an end of it. To commemorate this fortunate event the society was formed, and used first to hold its meetings at Copenhagen House, which at that time stood in the middle of the fields now covered by the new cattle market.

So far back, however, as 1740 Highbury Barn was the place of their rendezvous, and their mode of proceeding there was in a style singularly simple and even juvenile. They used to meet in Moorfields (now covered by Finsbury Circus) and walk on to Dettingen Bridge, where the house called the Shepherd and Shepherdess was afterwards built. Here they and it must have been light—for it only cost eightpence, and was unaccompanied by either wine, punch or tea—they proceeded to the field to practice a peculiar game called "Hopball," which had been the great amusement of the society from time immemorial at their meetings.

chalked the initials of their names on a post for the information of such as might follow. They then proceeded to Highbury, and to beguile the way, it was their custom in turn to bowl a ball of ivory at objects in their path. This ball was presented to the society by Mr. William Field. After a light refreshment—

In the report of a committee, on the rise and progress of this society printed, in 1808, it is stated that the following toast was always given at their anniversary dinner in August, viz., "The glorious first of August, with the immortal memory of King William and his good Queen Mary, not forgetting Corporal John, and a fig for the Bishop of York, the bottle stopper" (Corporal John was intended for John Duke of Marlborough, the great friend of the Protestant and Whig interest).

This society appears to have ceased to exist for some years. An authority on such subjects thinks it was dissolved about the year 1833.

Highbury Barn, some twenty years ago, was in the hands of Mr. Hinton, who was succeeded in the proprietorship by Mr. Giovannelli, who, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, endeavoured to make the Barn worthy of the patronage of the public, but unfortunately he appears to have been the victim of a class whose vitiated taste will not admit of their enjoying themselves without proceeding to the contemptible vulgarity of "horse-play," such as ringing of the bells, breaking of the windows, and tearing off the knockers of the neighbours on their way home. This nuisance became so intolerable that the magistrates deemed it necessary to withhold the license, and hence the place was closed.

There are other places of amusement to which *London Life* will take an early opportunity of giving a little salutary advice, to prevent a similar collapse.

The friendly Zulus seem to have been having a rare old time of it at St. James's Hall, their performance seems to attract almost as much attention as has done the performance of their fellow-countrymen at the Cape.

* * *

We have the authority of the *Daily News* for saying that after they had done their bit they came down, shook hands and *displayed their ornaments* and "knobkerrys" to the gentlemen, and soiled or unsoiled doves, who have no doubt some experience of black men's ornaments.

* * *

Where's Wiree Sahl gone too? I'm afraid it's a case of
Sally come up, and Sally come down,
And Sally's gone round the mid

* * *

Jingle's dog who pointed at the board in the game preserve intimating that "dogs would be shot" is no chalks to one belonging to a friend of mine.

* * *

This dog always passes in contemptuous silence the corners where "Commit no nuisance" is conspicuous.

* * *

Daily I am expecting some lines from Gwyer, of Norwood, otherwise called the Potatoe Poet. This is a sample of what he generally sends.

* * *

Potatoes hot; potatoes cold;
Potatoes anyhow, so they're sold.
I'm the man, if you're a buyer,
So rush at once to "Pomme de terre Gwyer."

THE LADY AND HER PET GROOM.

(*Continued from page 3.*)

NEWMAN HALL v. HALL and RICHARDSON.

Mrs. Newman Hall, in continuation, said—Mr. Hall told a falsehood about my refusing to go to the Continent. In 1868 Mr. Hall instructed Richardson to buy a horse for me.

Mr. Willis.—Here is a letter dated December, 1868, in which Mr. Hall says:—"I am glad you had a pleasant ride yesterday, and hope you will to-day, and I hope you will get some roses on your cheeks and chops in your teeth (a laugh). I am so glad you asked Frank Richardson—he has served you well. Sunbeam is O.K." What does that mean?—Sunbeam was the name of the horse, and O.K. is a family way of saying "all right" (a laugh).

Have you at any time when you have been in that smoking-room with Frank Richardson locked the door?—(Emphatically) Never; and Newman Hall knows it.

Or have you sat with him in the dining or drawing-room with the door locked?—Never.

Did you sometimes recline on the sofa?—Yes; I was desired to do that by the medical men, on account of pains in my back.

Did you ever recline with your dress up to your knees while Frank was standing near you?—No (emphatically).

MRS. HALL EXPLAINS THE KISSING.

Did you occasionally kiss Frank Richardson.—Certainly.

Was it before Mr. Hall?—Yes, before everybody. It was an ordinary affair (a laugh). It was not done night and morning, but there was no secrecy about it.

Did Mr. Hall taunt you in letters about your not being his wife?—Yes, for years, in a most abominable manner.

MRS. HALL VINDICATES HER FRIEND, RICHARDSON.

Tell me in your own way the circumstances immediately preceding Mrs. Tranmer's leaving.—I said to her one day, "Will you carry this parcel for me?" and she said, "I don't intend to carry parcels any more. Mr. Richardson would not do so, little snob that he is." I was impetuous then, as I had not had it all knocked out of me, and I went with her to his rooms and asked him whether he would carry a parcel for me, and he said "With pleasure." I then turned to her and said, "You are the snob, not my friend. You leave my service." We went home, and I dismissed her on that night, but she did not accept it. In the morning she entreated me to allow her to dress me, and I did so, but said, "You will go, nevertheless, and the world shall know why you have left me." Upon which she, with a horrible look of revenge, said, "Yes, the world shall know."

MRS. HALL OBJECTS TO BE WHEEDLED, AND THINKS SIR H. JAMES A CLEVER LITTLE MAN.

And you remained under the roof of a husband who you thought had committed adultery?—I remained knowing that he committed himself with this woman, but you will not wheedle me into saying what is false.

The Judge (to witness).—I beg of you to answer the questions put to you. You have a gentleman representing you who will protect you from any improper questions.

Witness.—These questions are improper.

Mr. Willis.—I hope Mrs. Hall will give an answer to the questions put to her.

Witness (weeping).—Am I to have all these clever men arrayed against me, and I endeavouring to tell you the truth. Let me wait a little, I'll recover in a moment.

Mr. Willis.—I must ask you, Mrs. Hall—

Witness (pettishly).—I won't.

Cross-examination continued.—I wrote a letter, in which I stated I never found fault with Mr. Hall's conduct towards Mary Wyatt, but I did so in fear.

Did you write this, knowing it was untrue?—I did. I never told an untruth in my life, and I will not now do so without a protest. (The witness commenced crying again.)

Witness.—You shall get nothing untrue out of me, although you are a clever little man I know (laughter).

MRS. HALL ACCUSES MR. NEWMAN HALL OF KISSING MARY WYATT.

Sir H. James.—I will read a passage from your letter of October, 1869, to Mr. Hall: "I think if I were kissing night and morning, as you do (alluding to Mary Wyatt), C. C. or even Richardson, you would think it odd, though I am sure his mother would highly approve of it. Suppose I try, would you mind?" After that, could you now suggest that Mr. Hall knew of your kissing Richardson?—Not night and morning, as he did Mary Wyatt. When I said he knew, I was alluding to that.

MRS. HALL PLEADS FOR PROTECTION FROM THE COURT.

When you had been sitting up late did Miss Richardson go to bed or do as Miss Tranmer had done—sit in another room?—No. She did not remain down stairs with the servants.

Never?—Tell me to what lodgings you refer.

Sir H. James.—Answer my question.

Respondent (excitedly).—He is trying to trap me into telling a lie.

Mr. Willis.—Really, Mrs. Hall, you must leave that to me. Answer the questions put to you.

Respondent.—Forgive me, and I will try still.

The Judge.—Remember, Mrs. Hall, that if you do not answer the questions put to you it will be greatly to your disadvantage.

Respondent (crying).—It does seem so unfair for these things to be said by a man who ought to know better. I ought to be protected.

The Judge.—There is nothing to protect you from.

Respondent (looking down at Mr. Hall, who was sitting in the well of the court).—And he is turning round and staring at me.

MRS. HALL IS OVERCOME AT THE READING OF HER HUSBAND'S LETTER.

Mr. Willis.—I now put in a letter of October 25, 1863, from Mr. Hall to his wife. It began "Darling," and spoke of her having a diseased brain, that it was not a crime on her part, as her thoughts were involuntary. If he had a wish to murder his mother that would not make him a murderer, and finished with the words, "Jesus will not blame you, he will only pity you."

Here Mrs. Hall burst into a fit of passionate crying and exclamations—"He wants to put me in an asylum; do prevent him from doing so; he has so much money." After a little while she was more composed, but continued crying.

Mr. Willis.—Before you left home on Tuesday, did you write a letter to Mary Wyatt?—I did.

Did you get an answer?—I did. I tore it in two, but my mother picked up the pieces.

Another fit of hysterical crying followed, Mrs. Hall saying, in agonised tones, "I cannot bear this. Oh, I cannot. My lord, protect me!"

The Judge.—I must beg you to leave the court till you are more composed. Is there any lady who can accompany her?

Miss Richardson stepped forward, and they retired.

MRS. HALL SWEARS SHE SAW THE REVEREND NEWMAN IN MISS WYATT'S BEDROOM.

Have you ever seen him in Miss Wyatt's bed-room?—Yes, even when Mary Wyatt was in bed.

Did you go there to see?—No; I went to take her on the sands, and I found him there.

Did he go out with her in the morning?—Every morning he took her out before breakfast, when they had a walk together. When he had deposited her at home—(a laugh)—he took me for a walk.

EVIDENCE OF THE CO-RESPONDENT.

Mrs. Hall used to sit with me in the smoking-room. Other gentlemen used to go there. I never remember locking the door of the smoking-room whilst sitting with Mrs. Hall. In 1868 I went with Mrs. Hall to Brighton, by Mr. Hall's desire. In 1869 I took some stables, and Mrs. Hall assisted in fitting-up my rooms. She had a riding-habit there, and sometimes changed it in my rooms.

VERDICT.

This extraordinary case concluded on Friday, when the jury, without leaving the box, found Mrs. Hall guilty of adultery with Mr. Richardson, and Sir James Hannen pronounced a decree nisi, with costs against the co-respondent.

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